Northern Messenger

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"Cosmopolitan Dog"

By G. E. WALLACE

For the Messenger

TED ALLEN looked at the yard. Ragweed grew down by the road, and the goldenrod that lined the creek on one side was encroaching on the lawn proper. Ted yawned. He ought to mow the yard; his father had told him to mow it, but he guessed he'd let it go. "I'll get at it some day," he thought.

He had thought the same thing about the mess by the chopping block. Chips fell, and remained where they fell. Once, before his father had started off to work, he had said, "Ted, you ought to clean up that mess around the chopping block."

Well he supposed he had. But he hadn't.

Not that the house and yard had always been in the dishevelled, run-down condition it was now. There had been a time, not long ago, when his mother had been alive. . . .

Ted blinked. It was sort of tough, having no mother. He guessed it was tough on his father too. His father worked away from home most of the time. His father would say, "We ought to paint." But they never seemed to get around to it. And the back porch sagged pretty badly. Things needed fixing. The place needed straightening up. "But I guess," Ted would think, "it won't hurt to let them go . . . for a while."

And then Ted saw the dog.

* * *

IT was a big dog, and shaggy. It was footsore, too. Ted was out of the yard and down by the highway in a jiffy. His eyes sparkled. Say, he knew a good dog when he saw it! He'd say the dog was a valuable dog! He called, "Come, old fellow!" and patted the dog, running his hands through its heavy coat.

A Newfoundland, that was what the dog was, Ted thought, or a St. Bernard, or something. Probably someone had been going by on the highway and lost him. Dogs sometimes jumped from cars.

"Come!" Ted said, and the dog followed him.

It was a valuable dog, but thin. It prbobaly hadn't eaten for a long time. Maybe it had strayed away from its home, and travelled far.

"Folks will advertise for a dog like that," Ted Ted thought. He patted the dog, and went into the house and brought out some food. The dog fairly wolfed it down.

Ted sat watching, his eyes glowing. He'd read advertisements. Sometimes folks offered big rewards for valuable dogs.

"I'll keep him until I find out who owns him," Ted thought..

His father said, "It's all right with me, Ted." His father was so busy going to work, so tired when he got home, that he didn't have much to say, or the ambition to see that things were done.

"I'll keep him, then," Ted said.

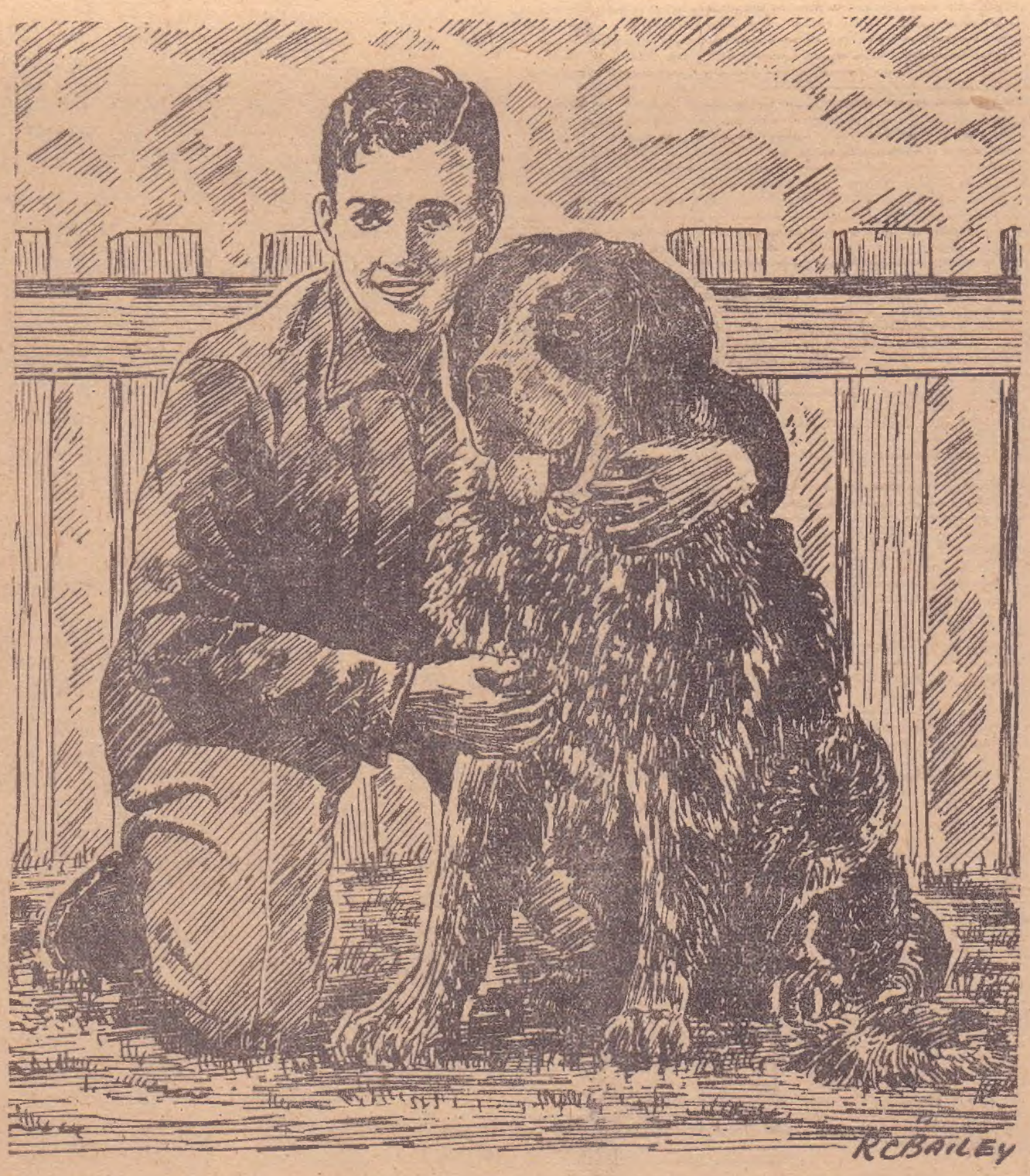
* * *

A WEEK later there was no doubt the dog was improving. He had been lame and footsore when he had arrived, but he had got over that now. His coat had been rough. There had been burrs in it, and the long hair had been tangled. Ted brushed and brushed. He took pains to get all the burrs out. The great dog's coat began to shine.

"It's not a Newfoundland," one of Ted's school friends said.

"What is he then?" Ted demanded.

"I don't know," the friend admitted.



Maybe the folks would sell the dog . . . if he had the money . . .

"But he's not a Newfoundland. My uncle owns a Newfoundland."

"Maybe he's an Irish stag hound," another friend said. "They're big."

The dog that Ted had found was *big*. Say, when he wagged his tail it seemed to sweep the whole yard.

"He's a good dog," Ted said. "I'll get a reward."

They all agreed the dog must be valuable.

"Some one will advertise and offer a reward,—maybe a hundred dollar reward," one of the fellows said.

One hundred dollars! After the fellows had gone Ted looked at the dog, and at the yard. It didn't seem fitting that a valuable dog, worth a lot of money, should be penned up in a weedy, unkept yard.

Ted hunted up the lawn mower and mowed. And where the ragweed was high, where the goldenrod grew dense, he used a scythe. Then he stood and admired his handiwork. There, that was better! Only, he scowled, that mess by the chopping block showed up worse than ever!

He worked the next day cleaning up that mess . . . and decided the yard looked good.

But suppose the dog was not getting the right kind of food! Suppose the dog died! He'd get no reward for a dead dog!

* * *

TED didn't ask his father for money. He knew he had none to spare. But he suggested to Mr. Taber, who kept the general store, that if Mr. Taber wanted a young fellow to run errands after school, he was the young fellow.

Mr. Taber hemmed and hawed. But in the end he hired him. "I had to," Mr. Taber confessed. "I don't know what got into him. He never seemed to want work before, but he surely stuck and hung this time. He'd have been under foot all the time if I hadn't hired him. The only way to get him out, and get some peace, to wait on customers, was to give him a job."

Yet Mr. Taber's eyes twinkled. Ted was proving to be a good worker.

"And here you are, Ted," Mr. Taber said at the end of a week, and, as agreed, he counted out two dollars and fifty cents.

"Have you any dog food?" Ted asked.

Mr. Taber had, and Ted bought one dollar's worth.

One dollar's worth went a long way. But Ted had use for the other dollar and a half, and for next week's pay, too.

When he came home the great dog would come bounding out of the barn. The barn roof sagged, and its tar-paper covering was torn.

Ted built a neat kennel, and painted it white. A valuable dog ought to have a fit place in which to live.

His father one day looked at the yard approvingly. "You've cleaned things up nicely," he said. Then he looked at the house.

Ted had been looking at the house often lately, wishing it looked a little better kept.

"If I only had the time," his father said, "I'd paint the house."

"I can help," Ted said.

* * *

IT meant working whenever he got a chance, but the job was finally done, and the sagging porch straightened.

It was Ted who suggested setting out shrubs. When his mother had been alive there had been flower beds, but some way the beds had been neglected.

"How's your dog coming?" his father asked.

"Fine! What kind of a dog do you think he is?" Ted asked.

His father said he didn't know much about dogs, but he did know the dog was a fine-looking dog.

"Some of the fellows think he's an Irish stag hound," Ted said. "They say he's valuable."

"Probably some one will come for him some day."

And give a reward? He *had* wanted the reward. But he wasn't sure he did now. Ted stood there, the great dog, with his coat fairly glistening, by his side. Ted ran his hand through the great dog's hair. He wished he could keep him. Only he couldn't. That wouldn't be fair to the one who had lost him.

"But I wish I could have him, for my own," Ted said.

The great dog wagged his tail.

"I'll miss you when you go," Ted said.

The great dog rose, and put his shaggy paws on Ted's shoulders, and tried to lick Ted's face with his moist red tongue.

And then Ted began to spend some of his money on himself. He felt he just had to. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. Teeth, a little better care of them would not do any harm, nor would it hurt if he took better care of his fingernails.

He bought a nice sweater, in place of the old nondescript affair he had thought good enough. When those folks came after that dog he didn't want to disgrace the dog, standing there in his sweater that was frayed, and dirty. When a fellow owned . . . he gulped. He didn't own the dog yet.

But maybe he would. There had been no advertisement in the papers, and he had read the advertisements every day. At first he had picked the paper up eagerly, hoping to read, "Lost, a valuable big dog, one hundred dollar reward." Lately he had felt fear when he had picked up the paper. Suppose the ad was there!

His father said, "You look well in that new sweater, Ted."

Later he had said, "The yard and the house look nice, Ted."

"Does a fellow have to give a dog back?" Ted asked.

"I suppose so."

"Even if he likes the dog and the dog likes him? Even if the dog likes him best?"

"Maybe the folks that own him would say, 'Keep him,'" his father said, "or maybe they'd sell him."

Ted knelt by the great dog. Sell him! Maybe they'd do that. If a fellow had money . . . .

The storekeeper said, "I can use you on Saturdays, Ted, but I can't pay more than two dollars a day."

That wasn't much, when you were trying to get a large sum. But maybe the folks that owned the dog would sell him on the installment plan. "I'd work and work for him," Ted thought.

"Why do you want the money?" the storekeeper asked.

Then he said, "So you found a valuable dog?

"He's an Irish stag hound, I guess," Ted said. "Or maybe a St. Bernard—or something."

"You ought to get a reward."

But Ted didn't want a reward now! He wanted the dog! When a fellow came home it was good to be greeted by a friend. When a fellow was blue, as a fellow sometimes was, it was nice to have a dog that sympathized.

So,, "I'll take the job," Ted said.

"I've a friend, a veterinarian, who will go out and look at that dog," the storekeeper said. "He'll tell you what kind it is."

* * *

THE storekeeper's friend apparently knew dogs. He looked appraisingly at Ted's "find". Then he shook his head. "That dog isn't valuable! It's no particular kind of a dog at all."

"He *is* valuable! He's a *good* dog!" Ted said, defensively.

"Sure,—but no one will pay a reward for that dog," the veterinarian said. "He's a stray and . . ."

"You mean no one will come for the dog and claim him?"

The veterinarian nodded. "I know dogs," he said, "and what they're worth. He's cosmopolitan."

He stood in the trim yard; his eye wandered over toward the freshly painted house. "Nice place you have here," he commented, "Well, so long."

"But he's a good dog!" Ted called after the man—"I mean my dog?"

The dog placed his forepaws on Ted's shoulders, and tried to lick Ted with his red tongue.

"Oh, sure, he's a good dog, all right, but not valuable," the veterinarian said. The gate clicked behind him.

Not valuable! He was the best dog in the world! And he was *his* dog!

After the veterinarian had left Ted

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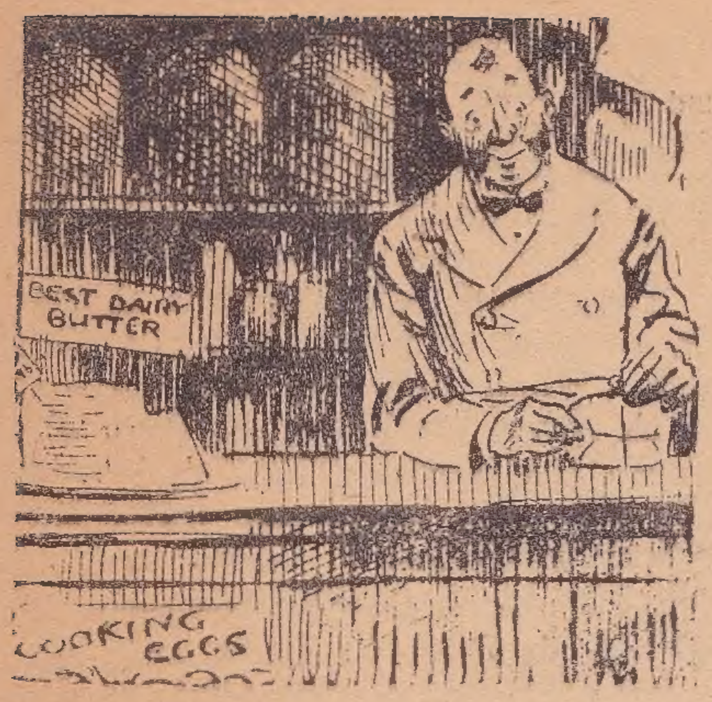
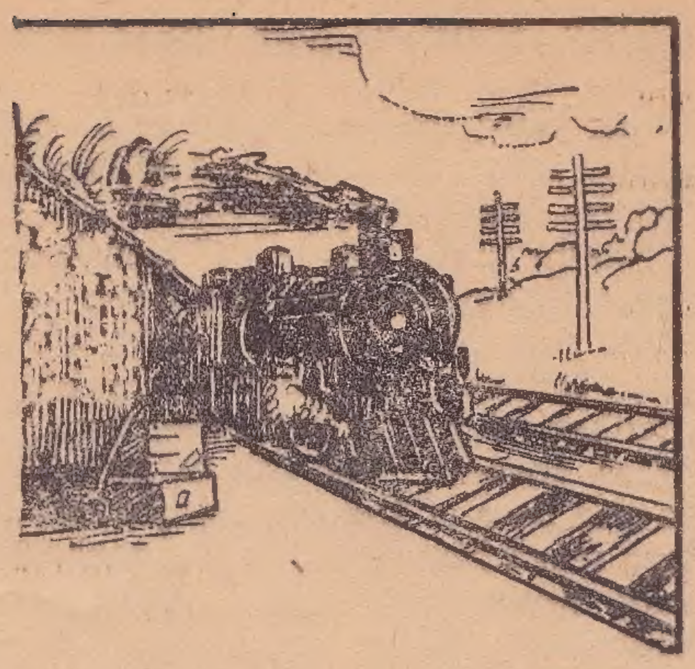


Behind the Counter

By N. M. GEORGE
For the Messenger



IMPORTANT PEOPLE

EZRA SYTHE, General Storekeeper in Topville, a small coastal town. **MRS. SYTHE**, Ezra's wife.

ROBERT DOUCE, a determined young fellow whose plan to work his way through college and become a minister leads him to take the job of clerk in Ezra's store.

TOM JONES, CALVIN BATES, JIM RICKSON and others, fisher lads whom Robert persuades to form a club called the Topville Progressive Club.

ROSE BARNES, the young school teacher who takes a friendly interest in the boys' club and helps Robert with his Grade XII which he hopes to pass next Spring.

JACK BATES and **BEN JOHNSON**, fishermen who get involved in a bootlegging scheme at Coon Cove Point, Ezra and Robert, disguised in Hallowe'en "ghost costumes", frighten the two men so badly that they abandon their scheme, turn over a new leaf, and settle down to honest work. Jack enters his new boat in a race at Burnett's Beach and wins first prize. The Topville boys take first place in the Field Day in spite of their opponents' attempts to balk them which result in a sprained ankle for Robert. This does not prevent him from debating successfully that evening. Robert writes his grade XII exams, doing fairly well. Miss Barnes is leaving Topville School and he finds it hard to say good-bye. Do they really love each other? They decide to wait and test their own feelings. An adventure with **GWEN**—a "modern" girl—leaves Robert sure that Rose is his type.

THE day after Tom and Robert had their heart-to-heart talk was a holiday. The store was to be closed and so far Robert had made no plans.

He was snoozing pleasantly under his gay patchwork covers, when someone gently shook him. He opened his eyes to find Tom standing over his bed. What could be the matter, that Tom had come so early?

Tom answered his thought. "Hurry, if you want to go sword-fishing today; Ben Johnson said he would take an extra dory, and you and I could go. Might make a dollar or two, as they say the fish are plentiful to the south-west of the Green shoal, about thirty miles off shore. It will be an adventure for you too, as you always wanted to go beyond the bay.'

Robert did not take time to question; he sprang from his bed in a hurry and started to dress. Tom looked at his silk underwear in disdain. "You cannot wear that fishing, Robert; you'll freeze to death in the dory, as it is mighty cold even in summer, outside." Robert quickly pulled out some winter underwear, and his riding breeches and a heavy jersey. "I will wait by the old factory wharf," said Tom. "Never mind breakfast; we will have some on board." He departed and Robert dressed. He did not want to awaken Mrs. Sythe, so he wrote a note and left it on the dining room table to tell her where he had gone.

Robert was rampant with the expectation of a day's sword-fishing, as he had often sat by the hour and heard tales of the work.

He found Tom at the place he had said he would meet him, and the two fo them rowed aboard Ben's boat, which was an auxiliary vessel large enough to carry three dories. They pulled the dory in after the boys, and started to hoist the sails while Ben started the engine.

Robert went below for his breakfast and rather enjoyed the tea and canned milk out of those thick mugs the fishermen provided. Cups and saucers would be of little use aboard the boat when she was in high seas and rolling almost upside down. Canned beans, bread and butter, and Tom had brought some cookies which he shared with Robert. "Grub bill comes out of the stock, so if you want some money left don't eat too much," called Ben down the gangway in a jesting tone.

Robert felt quite a fisherman as he donned his oilskins and the sou'wester he had borrowed from one of the men.

He was enraptured over the very beautiful sunrise, and as the sky turned red, gold and rose, then almost to a fiery orange, his exclamation of delight brought a remark from the skipper: "Yes, pretty to look at for the landsman, but not for the sailor; have wind before the day is over."

"What! when it is so calm now? Why, the sails are just flapping and the water is like oil."

"Wait and see," was the skipper's answer.

* * *

THE ocean was perfect, and to one who worshiped beauty like Robert did, it was a sensation. Long swells were heaving in from the sea and although the water was without a ripple, the boat seemed to slide down one long hill and patiently climb another. Robert had never been so far out before.

All prepared for the day's fishing. Tom was on the mast head; another man was halfway up, looking out for the fish. None had been sighted, but they kept straining their eyes over the ocean. Robert wondered how Tom could keep his hold on that perch as the boat rolled so precariously. One side would tip so low as to almost touch the sea, then another wave would play the same trick and over she would go to the opposite side. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," thought Robert.

All were in readiness aboard the boat, the skipper stood in the chair. The pole was ready to stick a fish. The pole is an ingenious article, and unless you have seen one, a description will hardly leave you any wiser.

But, I can say this: that it is a long pole, a rod of iron in the end, and into this is put a dart or lilly iron. All these are so cleverly rigged with ropes that when a fish is stuck, the dart or iron stays in the fish and the pole is pulled back into the boat. A rope to the dart is fastened to a keg that is thrown overboard when the fish is stuck if there happens to be another in sight. Sometimes the fishermen have three or more fish stuck at one time and the kegs show them where their fish are. Often the fish goes right to the bottom.

"Fish, Fish!" came the cry from the mast head. "Where, where?" all cried and began to look around. A slight showing of the fish's fin caught the skipper's eye, and he yelled "Hard to starboard, steady, there's the fish." "Right ahead; oh, boy! what a beauty!" The boat turned so quickly that Robert nearly fell overboard. The fish came right in the boat's path. A perfect shot and swish goes the pole. The fish straightened and went head-first to bottom. Before they had time to get a breath, Tom yelled again, "There is another fish!" Ben yelled, "Throw the keg, get the pole ready. What's the matter? Slow,—hurry, hurry, if we don't want to lose that fish; quick! there he goes!"

"Where, where?"

"Right under your feet; blind as a bat, that's what you are!"

"There,—there, right under water, see that blue streak? Missed him

again." "Little to port. Hard to port."

The boat swung around again, and swish went the pole, only to be drawn back into the boat. Another miss. "There is the fish, see him?"

"Right under the boat!" Swish again, the pole shot true and the fish was fast. That was two; and the dory was put out. Before it had time to touch water, another very loud yell came from Tom. "Fish ahead!" The fish came right up to the bow of the boat, a perfect shot. Ben stuck him easily, but somehow the rope wound up in the propellor and broke off. Away went Mr. Fish, dart and all. What a disappointment to the men. They ran aft and looked so foolish as he swam off. Fisherman's luck; the biggest one that had been stuck and then to lose him!

* * *

ONE fish was soon on deck, a big fellow, about five hundred pounds. Another dory was on a fish. "Here comes another." The words had hardly left Tom's mouth when Ben stuck him. A little fellow this time. Ben cried to the men who went to haul him in, "Easy there; he's not ironed good; easy there." They pulled him up to the boat and hoisted him in without the aid of the dory. After he was on the deck, he came to life, and flounced about. It was a good thing the big fish did not do likewise.

What excitement! They had run into a whole school of sword-fish. Two in the boat, one the dory crew were attending to. Another yell from Tom, fiery and loud, "Look fellows, quick; three right in a bunch; hard to starboard,—there they go. Look! steady, under your feet, man, under your stupid feet!"

Another fish. "Throw the keg quick. Get the pole ready; what is the matter? Your fingers are all thumbs." Bang! another fish. "Where is the other one?"

"Went straight down."

Up he came again.

"Stick him." The fish came near enough, but Ben did not offer. "What is the matter?" "A blue dog." "No good." Tom had to go into the dory now, and Robert went with him. It was fun to be in the dory with the fish towing wildly. Better than a merry-go-round, thought Robert.

The other dory crew had played their fish for an hour and had not yet got their catch. Tom and Robert went in the dory already launched. Another dory was being lowered in a hurry as a fish was on the keg, and they wanted to secure him before they saw another, as all the men were out in the dories now. Just as they were pushing the dory off the stern, a huge wave struck her and sent a man overboard. He might have held to the dory, but as there was a chance of her falling on him and breaking his limbs, he jumped clear of her as far as he could, and the dory drifted away. To be in these shark-infested waters was no picnic, especially with heavy rubber boots and oilskins on. He shouted. Only one man aboard and he was working at the engine and the boat kept on her course. Tom and Robert saw him and rowed with might and main. The man was a strong swimmer and managed to keep afloat. Tom and Robert were quite a distance from him; the boat was nearer, if only Ben would see him.

He did just in time to reverse his engine full speed astern and throw him a buoy. This he caught and was pulled aboard. He did not even wait to put on dry clothes, as the dory had to be picked up and put on the fish. The fish was towing the keg furiously and was now nearly a mile from them. Full speed after it.

Meantime, things were happening to Tom and Robert. Their fish was a wild old fellow with scars on his hide that showed he had been stuck before or hit with a propellor. He lay still as Tom brought his rope taut. Then he made a dart for the dory and ran his sword through the gunwale, splitting off about two feet. His sword just missed Robert by an inch or two. "Close call!" said Robert. Tom could see he was frightened, but he kept up a good courage.

"Take him this time," said Tom confidently.

They were now a good two miles from the boat; the fish was still towing them away from her. Tom looked anxious. They sighted two more swordfish, but could not make the least attempt to bother with them, as the fellow they had on the rope was giving them trouble enough. On he went as fast as he could. The boat was now a mere speck. Tom looked at the compass and took her bearings. He knew he was in danger far more than Robert did, and he was glad that Robert did not know. If anything happened now, good-day!

Something did happen right then. The swordfish turned as if by some sudden inspiration and made right for the boat. Tom pulled in the rope as fast as he could. When the rope became taut, down to bottom he went. Tom paid out the rope again and soon felt it slack in his hand; the fish was coming up again. "Perhaps the last struggle," said Tom.

The words had hardly left his lips when, crash! Right through the bottom of the dory, between his two feet was the sword of that huge fish. "Chock to his eyes!" Tom said. Moving quickly, Tom caught the dory scoop, broke off with a blow the sharp end of the sword and pushed the end fast to the fish down through the dory.

* * *

IT left a gaping hole through which the water spurted. Tom took off his cap and put it in the hole, but it was too small. He saw a big pair of white mitts that some fisherman had left there, and he pushed them in with the cap. The water was coming in faster than Robert could bail out with the bucket. Tom was in the bow, Robert aft. They tried to balance the sinking dory, as best they could, while they bailed. When Robert's arm became tired he threw the bucket to Tom, who kept up the work. The fish seemed wilder now and towed the water-logged dory in circles.

A big shark swam past the dory. A great big old king of a shark with barnacles on his tough old hide. A big wave raised him higher than the dory and he turned on his back and showed rows of teeth as sharp as needles and a mouth that would seem to swallow them.

The water was getting rougher now and big seas like mountains seemed to rise over their dory, while from their green depths they could imagine the glaring eyes of that great shark. The dory was now so nearly sinking that the water was swishing over the gunwales. Tom had put up the oar, a signal of distress; he could hardly see Ben's boat now. Tom prayed and strained his eyes. Robert prayed and kept on bailing. Another swordfish passed them so close that they could almost touch him with the oar. Their own fish was quieter now. A whale sent up two streams of spray not far away. Robert and Tom seemed miles apart, in the bow and stern of the sinking dory. How much longer they could keep afloat they did not know; they hoped and prayed.

* * *

MEANWHILE Ben was standing in the chair of his boat. He had managed to land the two fishes; one little fellow not more than a hundred pounds, the other much larger. He wiped his glasses on his handkerchief and swept the waters in the direction where he had last seen Tom's dory.

"Ahoy, boys! Full speed down to the southwest. Tom Jones' dory has the oar up and seems to be full of water!"

Speed they did. It was fair wind now for them, and the filling sails gave them greater speed. "The boat is coming our way now," shouted Tom, who saw her first, his eyes being so accustomed to the sea that he could discern objects that Robert would never see. Robert rose to look, and at the same time a huge wave caught him off guard and swept him overboard.

The dory was bad enough, but to be in the water with sharks so near was terrifying. Tom looked horrified. All right to talk about life belts ashore, behind the counter, but now—!

"Robert, don't forget your lifebelt!" shouted Tom and closed his eyes. "Don't

(Please turn to Page 13.)

"The Man of the Woods"

By Julia Graydon.

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IN a little thatched cottage built of rough stones and standing on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea, in a hamlet in Normandy, there was born in the year 1814 a little boy named Jean Francois Millet. Little Jean was one of eight children. His father was a precentor of the parish church and his mother was the daughter of a farmer. The children had a good grandmother and she used to waken little Jean in the morning by saying, "Wake up, my little Francois, the birds have long been singing the glory of our good God."

Jean's parents worked in the fields a part of each day and the little boy worked with them and grew to love such work. There were times also when he liked to read, for he was unusually bright and could read Virgil and the Latin Testament when he was only twelve years old.

He did not see many pictures about the house, but he used to get out the family Bible and copy the pirints he found there. He drew pictures on the walls and flowers on his wooden shoes. Once when he saw a peasant leaning on his staff he sketched the man in charcoal and the neighbors all recognized him and said, "See what Jean Millet has done! He will be an artist some day."

At the age of twenty Jean began to study art. When he left for Cherbourg where he was to study, his grandmother gave him her earnings and a prayer-book, and when he went to Paris later she wrote to him, "I would rather see you dead than unfaithful to God's commands;" some time after she wrote, "Remember, Francois, you were a Christian before you were a painter. Do not sacrifice to things indecent." Jean's father died while he was at Cherbourg and he felt that he was needed at home, but his grandmother urged him to keep on with his studies.

In 1837 when he went to Paris to live he was not impressed with city life. He arrived there on a rainy evening and had to search for lodgings, which proved rather unsatisfactory. He was ready to go back to Cherbourg, but one thing kept him in Paris, and that was the Louvre. So he entered the studio of Delaroche and a little later sold some of his Biblical works for five and ten francs apiece. He worked hard and was proud to say, "I am a peasant with peasants; my program is work." His style was more English than French and the pupils of Delaroche made fun of him and called him "The man of the woods."

After spending two years in Paris he went back to Normandy and married, but his wife was delicate and lived only two years. After her death he married Catherine Lemaire, who was a good helpmate to him. Nine children were born to them as the years passed and hard times came, but Jean Millet loved his children.

In 1848, when the revolution began, he shouldered a musket and did his part. That same year the Salon was opened to all artists and Millet's first great picture, "The Winnowers," was accepted, for which he was paid five hundred francs.

THE next year Millet and his family went to Barbizon to live and the family life there is thus described: "It is meal time and the family is gathered about the table. There is no tablecloth, but the earthen plates are filled with smoking soup. The mother is putting one child to sleep on her lap and nothing is heard save the purring of the cat. The walls of the house are covered with clematis, ivy and jasmine. Beyond is the garden, then the farmyard and close by Millet's studio in the woods."

The painter's grandmother died in 1851 and he was greatly distressed, for she had helped him all his life and had cheered him when the way seemed dark. When his mother died he took as his share of her things only some books and an old oak cupboard.

Once when he was very poor, Rousseau introduced him to some picture lovers who bought some of his pictures and paid him two thousand francs for "Woman Feeding Chickens."

"The Gleaners" appeared in 1857 and the "Angelus" in 1859. It is said that when he was painting the latter he had only enough wood to last two or three days. "The Man with the Hoe" received first-class medal in 1867 and Millet was now becoming popular.

When war broke out in 1870 he left Barbizon and went to Cherbourg and while drawing the harbour he was taken for a German spy and arrested. About this time he painted a number of pictures of child-life, among them "Little Girl Keeping Geese" and "First Steps."

Millet was asked to decorate the Pantheon and was to receive fifty thousand francs for the work, but he was taken ill shortly after this offer and died in 1875.

His picture "The Gleaners" which is now in the Louvre brought sixty thousand dollars after his death. "Three gaunt women, in green, red and yellow homespun garments, are looking in a wheat field for forgotten ears, as they did in Bible days." The girlish figure on the left stoops easily, while the one on the right has a bowed back showing a life of drudgery."

* * *

IN the "Angelus," Millet's masterpiece and a picture known the world over, a man and a woman stand with uncovered heads in a field; nearby is a wheelbarrow of potatoes; both figures bend in prayer, with folded hands as the Angelus bell rings from a church in the distance. "Millet meant the sounds of a country evening and the distant chime of bells to be heard in it. It is the hour when man's struggle with the earth passes into peace." "The Sower" is another picture showing man's struggle with nature.

The great French painter liked order and neatness. We are told that he never painted a peasant with torn clothes. He loved the works of Michael Angelo, Fra Angelico, Le Brun and Corregio, and he has left us these words on art: "In judging an artist one must inquire not whether his figures or coloring conform to a general idea of beauty, but what is his personal idea and whether it has been expressed well."

A writer has given us a beautiful description of Barbizon now: "The peasants sow and reap as in the days of Millet. The leaves on Rousseau's grand old trees are trembling in the forest—Corot's misty morning is as fresh and soft as ever." On a rock near the cow-gate is a bronze plaque, placed there in 1885. Upon it in relief appear the heads of Rousseau and Millet, the "Father of Modern Landscape" and the "Peasant Painter."

THE HOUSE OF PRIDE

W. J. DAWSON

I lived with Pride; the house was hung
  With tapestries of rich design.
Of many houses, this among
  Them all was richest, and 'twas mine.
But in the chambers burned no fire,
  Tho' all the furniture was gold;
I sickened of fulfilled desire,
  The House of Pride was very cold.

I lived with Love; all she possessed
  Was but a tent beside a stream,
She warmed my cold hands in her breast,
  She wove around my sleep a dream.
And One there was with face divine
  Who softly came, when day was spent,
And turned our water into wine,
  And made our life a sacrament.—Ex.

Barnabas

HAVE you a Barnabas in your work? He is such a dependable man! First he sold a field and gave the price to help work out God's plan for our first church; then he is the one who declared the lion was tame,—when Saul who had fought our group at first, wanting a part in it, came. "Dear brothers," said Barnabas, "have no fear; for Saul met Christ on the way. He heard His voice; he hates no more, but boldly proclaims Him today."

For Barnabas has a heart of love and welcomes all who are changed. . . . It rather surprised us when Paul, (né Saul) from Barnabas was estranged!

Barnabas has a nephew, Mark. They took him on to train; but Mark, some say, got discouraged soon and fled back home again. (You see young Mark has a forthright way of telling what he believes; perhaps Paul says, "You are hurting the cause!"—and straightway John Mark leaves!) Barnabas favored a second chance, but Paul was firm as a rock: he and Silas formed a new team. Well, Barnabas met the shock: he took young Mark to his home in the west on lovely Cyprus isle. I hear he is winning many to Christ, and Mark is writing the while,—writing the first full story of Christ, as Peter told it to us. Aren't you glad Barnabas loves him so, and got him to writing thus?

* * *

God has a work for each of us;
The foot is not the hand.
Christ's body is bound together by love;
Love makes us understand.
—M. M.

IN quietness and in confidence shall be your strength. —*Isaiah* 30:15

Christianity and the World Order

WHEN Jesus said, "The time is fulfilled . . " it meant that all history culminated in Jesus Christ. It meant that Christianity was not a local thing, but something absolute and universal.

It meant that in the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ the "Clue to history" was to be found. . . . Christ brings the new age. When He came, it came. It is something supernatural, not to be achieved or made by human effort, though it requires human response.

Christ freed men by the costly restoration effected on the Cross.—Bishop of Chichester.

What is Jesus' life but a revelation of God, this life of lowly service to which He gave Himself in utter abandon, driven on by the relentless passion to save mankind, this passion of redemptive love?—Kagawa.

Compensation

If I could give one little draught of cheer
To one who travelled far,
Or help him in the dark that hangs o'erhead
To see one shining star;

If words of mine could weave a little shade
Above a fevered face,
Or thought of mine strike in his life a light,
Whose way was hard to trace;

If I might bring one moment of delight
To someone's sombre day,
Or show some traveller the friendly flowers
That spring beside his way;

If I might fan an earnest flame
Coals where the glow had died,
This would meet compensation to me bring
For what my pen had tried.
—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Joys of Missionaries

"It is great to be alive, and in China, just now."—A Missionary in Fukien.

"The district has never been so widely open to the Gospel."—From Tinevelly, South India.

"We have never before had so many requests for baptism as we have had this year."—from Karachi.

"We are pressing forward with a great evangelistic offensive." — From the Southern Sudan.

IF men would always take the simplest sort of life as their standard and discipline themselves to put up with the simple life, no matter how depression might beset them, they would never need to be afraid. To speak more plainly, I must live a maximum life on a minimum of expenditure.—Kagawa.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun : I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for him.—Ps. 130:5.
Mon. : Now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to Me with all your heart.—Joel 2:12
Tue. : Through Christ we have access by one spirit unto the Father.—Eph. 2:18
Wed. : It is good for me to draw near to God.—Psalm 73.28
Thu. : Call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.—Isa. 58:13
Fri. : Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry.—Eccles. 7:9
Sat. : I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day.—Rev. 1:10

A Right Valuation

We all have something that can be called wealth. What are we doing with it? Are we using it in any degree to wipe the tears from children's faces, to keep women from despair and men from failure?—Sel.

God of Justice, save the people
From the clash of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction:
Make our nation free indeed.

Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition
In the brotherhood of man.
—William P. Merrill.

Baden Powell Said

Happiness doesn't come from being rich, nor merely from being successful in your career, nor by self-indulgence. The real way to get happiness is by giving happiness to other people.

The Only Guarantee

PEACE with God is the only guarantee of lasting peace in the world. The world's greatest need is a revival of Christian religion. This alone transforms the character of man. With God's peace in his heart, man will redirect his energies, and will beat his swords into ploughshares.

Most of all, this is a personal challenge and we each have need to make our own the words of an old Italian prayer:

"Lord, make me an instrument of your peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is despair, hope."
—E. Maynard Wilson.

THERE is a story told of Jesus Christ which is dear to the hearts of millions. It is the story of the day when He "looked about on them wich sat about Him," saying "Behold My mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is My brother, and My sister and mother."

To Him God's friends were His relatives, and God's friends are our relatives in the divine kinship existing among God's people.

We cannot truly know God as our Father without having friends as close to us in spirit as a mother, or a sister, or a brother. Friendships welded in the love of the Father are indeed "lovely and pleasant," the most helpful relationships in all the world. They leave no room for loneliness, unhappiness, or misunderstandings.

We are not limited to the four walls of our home, to the boundaries of our town, or even of our nation.—C. E. N.

Young People's Bible Reading

"Ye Shall Receive Power"

by BAREAN

For Sunday
APR. 6, 1941.
The Acts
1:1-12

LUKE "the beloved physician" may have addressed his Gospel to Theophilus in A.D. 60 or 61 while he was attending his friend and teacher Paul during his imprisonment in Rome.

This "former treatise" was followed soon after by another which we know as "The Acts of the Apostles."

The name "Theophilus" has a fine meaning, "Lover of God" or "Beloved of God." It was a fairly common name among the Greeks.

The title "Most Excellent" (St. Luke 1:4) was given to Romans of high rank. We may think of Theophilus as a Roman of high official standing who had become a Christian. He may have borne another Roman name and been called "Theophilus" by his Christian friends.

To prepare a book with a dedication, as Luke dedicates both his Gospel and "Acts" to Thecphilus, was a Greek classical custom. It is observed by many modern authors.

THE WONDERFUL FORTY DAYS

AFTER our Lord's Resurrection He appeared many times to His Apostles and friends in Jerusalem and the neighborhood. He told them to return to Galilee, that He would meet them there. (St. Mark 16:7)

It was in Galilee that He met His disciples after their night's fishing. (St. John 21) He also came to them among the Galilean mountains. (St. Matt. 28:16-20) It was most likely in Galilee that He appeared to "above five hundred brethren at once." (1 Cor. 15:6) Most likely there were other appearances in Galilee.

The appearances of our Lord after His Resurrection were no mere "ghostly" fleeting visions. His presence with his disciples was as real as it had been in the years before.

Luke in the opening sentences of "Acts" connects it with his Gospel.

The former treatise.—Literally, "The first treatise indeed." The particle 'indeed' suggests that something more is coming.

Began both to do and to teach—"Began by doing and teaching." (Moffatt)

"The Gospel records the work that Jesus began to do. Acts records its accomplishment. The chief agent in this book is the Ascended Christ Himself, operating through His Spirit, and performing works which were not possible while He was still in the flesh. (John 14:12)" (Dummelow)

Until the day in which He was received up.—The Ascension of our Lord was both an end and a beginning. It was the culmination of His earthly Ministry. It began His work through His Apostles and His Church.

Commandment—To "go into all the world." See St. Matthew 28:18-20; St. Mark 16:15; St. Luke 24:44-49; St. John 20:21, 22.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.

* * *

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

—*Harriet Auber.*

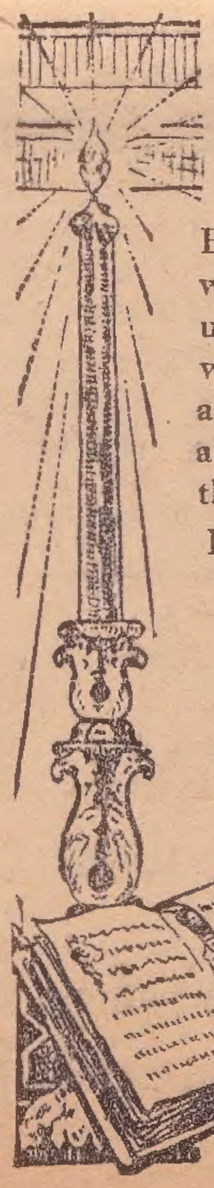
* * *

Hail! Breath of Life! Hail! Holy Fount of Light!
Life-Giver! Fire of radiance ever bright!

Thou Good all good containing, Peace divine!
Fill with Thy sweetness all these hearts of Thine

Who fillest all things, earth, and sky and sea,
Cleanse Thou and guard us, bid us live to Thee.

—*From York Processional* (1534)
(*Tr. by Rev. T. A. Lacey*)



Memory Verse

But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you: and ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. —The Acts 1:8.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

Mon.—Joel 2:28-32
Tue.—Acts 1:1-12
Wed.—John 16:7-15
Thu.—I Cor. 12:1-11
Fri.—Isaiah 44:1-8.
Sat.—John 15:20-27
Sun.—Eph. 6:10-18

"MANY COMPELLING PROOFS"

THROUGH the Holy Ghost. — "St. Luke represents all the actions of Christ's ministry as performed by the power fo the Holy Spirit which He received at His Baptism to consecrate Him to His office of Messiah. See Acts 10:38." (Dummelow)

Luke's sentences are usually easy and flowing but, in verse two, thoughts crowd to him so that he splendidly sacrifices cadence for the sake of what wants to say.

In verses three and four he adds fresh details in order to enhance the reader's sense of the living connection between the work of the Lord and of His Apostles.

The apostles whom he had chosen—"Here the central human figures of e book are introduced, in marked subordination to the Divine Agent (the Holy Spirit) to whose working it is Luke's aim to direct attention." (Bartlet)

Apostles.—Literally "envoys," "men sent forth." (St. Mark 3:14; St. Luke 9:2 and elsewhere.) When we remember the original choice and appointment of the apostles, "it helps to heighten the sense of the continuity in the Kingdom, as spread in word and deed, first by the Master and then by his followers." (Bartlet)

To whom.—"Here Luke passes insensibly from his prefatory statements to his new narrative."

Infallible proofs. — The R. V. omits "infallible." But it is not needed. The Greek word "proof" means "sure token." Luke's words mean "reliable, convincing, compelling proofs."

Forty days.—That is, as we saw last Sunday, at intervals during the forty days.

The kingdom of God.—This is a word that St. Luke loves. He uses it thirty-five times in his Gospel. It means the Reign of God first in the hearts of those who receive Him and then in the world.

Concerning the kingdom of God.—
—This also would include His "opening the Scriptures" of which we read in St. Luke 24:44-49.

Being assembled with them.—Rather "while sitting at meat with them." At this meal which our Lord shared with His disciples He appointed another meeting with them. Of this final meeting leading up to His Ascension we read in vv. 6-9; St. Luke 24:44-51.

(Please turn to Page 8.)

W.C.T.U. PRIZE LIST:

Thirteenth Annual National Temperance Study Course

SENIORS

First — Everett Quantrill, Whitby, Ont.
Second—Grace James, Summerland, B.C.
Gordon Ralston, Victoria, B.C.
Third — Jean Marby, New Lowell, Ont.
Gordon Steenson, St. Vital, Man.
Doris Suffel, Inkerman, Ont.

Fourth—

Que.	Bruce Becker, Richmond,
Sask.	Jessie Brownlie, Moose Jaw.
B.C.	Wilfred Evans, New Westminster.
Sask.	Carman G. Hawkes, Percival.
N.S.	Helen Hood, Wentworth Creek.
Que.	Audrey McDougall, Ormstown.
P.E.I.	Frances Rogers, Bedeque.
Que.	Vera Rutherford, Allens Corners.
Alta.	Dorothy Soby, Claresholm.
Alta.	Margaret Wannamaker, Claresholm
Alta.	Lillian Wood, Edmonton.

Honorable Mention—

Alta.	Lois Foster, Edmonton.
B.C.	Gertrude Lane, Victoria.
N.B.	Julia Hastay, Moore's Mills.
N.S.	Calvin Ruck, Sydney.
Ont.	Erna Sonnenburg, Waterford.
P.E.I.	Margaret Brehaut, Charlottetown.
Que.	Shirley Parkinson, Ormstown.
Sask.	Jack Boyd, Ceylon.

INTERMEDIATES

First — Joyce Hawkins, Pembroke, Ont.
Second—Isabel Campbell, Trenton, Ont.
H. Graham Heffler, Sackville, N.S.
Harold Steenson, St. Vital, Man.
Third — Jack Ambler, Central Butte, Sask.
Margaret Campbell, Trenton, Ont.
Jean Edwards, Salford, Ont.

Fourth—

Alta.	Betty Campbell, Edmonton.
B.C.	Joyce Edwards, Vancouver.
Ont.	Alice Entwistle, London.
Ont.	Gweneth Jones, Exeter.
Alta.	Margaret Marlett, Edmonton.
Sask.	Edith Martin, Davidson.
Que.	Elsie McCartney, Ormstown.
Alta.	Annie Ostryznuick, Edmonton.
Man.	Eleanor J. Oughton, Winnipeg.
Que.	Barbara Sanderson, Westmount.
N.S.	Margaret Spicer, Kentville.
N.B.	Marie Wilcox, Woodstock.

Honorable Mention—

Alta.	Shirley Genge, Edmonton.
B.C.	Bruce Ralston, Victoria..
Man.	Jesmondine Lund, Stonewall.
N.B.	Arlene McMorran, Moore's Mills.
N.S.	Eleanor Kinsman, Kentville.
P.E.I.	Mary Wright, Bedeque.
Que.	Colin Mason, Sutton.
Sask.	Bill Cross, Aneroid.

JUNIORS—10 and 11 years.

First — Audrey J. Heffler, Sackville, N.B.
Second—Dorothy McKillop, Lethb'dge, Alta.
Third — John M. Craig, Middleton, P.E.I.
Joan Hill, Aylmer, Que.
Greta Marlatt, Edmonton, Alta.
Mabel M. Pearson, Salford, Ont.

Fourth—

Que.	Shirley Costigan, Montreal.
P.E.I.	Olive W. Craig, Middleton.
Ont.	Roy Dawson, Blenheim.
Que.	Gerald Duncan, Ormstown.
Ont.	Charles Edwards, Salford.
Sask.	Dorothy Graham, Regina.
N.S.	Ella B. Hopkins, Halifax.
P.E.I.	Florence McLeod, Hartsville.
Que.	Patricia Reynolds, Montreal.
Man.	Margaret Steenson, St. Vital.
Ont.	Doris Story, Blenheim,
Que.	Irwin Warwick, Brownsburg.
Alta.	Bertram Wright, Vermilion.

Honorable Mention—

Alta.	Walter Abbott, Red Deer.
B.C.	Doreen Agnew, Penticton.
Man.	Bill Norrie, Winnipeg.
N.B.	Eugene Russell, St. Stephen.
N.S.	Jean Hazlewood, Somerset
Ont.	Shirley Lowden, Hamilton.
P.E.I.	Dorothy McRae, New Wiltshire.
Sask.	Ruth Salomonson, Percival.

JUNIORS—9 years and less.

First — Murray R. Heffler, Sackville, N.B.
Second—Lyle Barnes, N. Westminster, B.C.
Robert Barr, N. Westminster, B.C.
Kenneth R. Caldwell, Hantsport, N.S.
Norman Lambert, Rockwood, Ont.
Ian Duncan Thomas, Montreal.

Third—

Alta.	Adeline Broen, Edmonton.
Ont.	Glen Dawson, Blenheim.
N.B.	Gertrude Griffin, Wood I.
Ont.	Frank Harry, Trenton.
N.S.	Paul Hebb, Bridgewater.
Sask.	Lillian Keeley, Glenside.
Sask.	Norman R. McGregor, Grey.
Que.	Thyra McKell, Riverfield.
Que.	Lois McKenzie, Scotstown.
B.C.	Joyce Watson, Vernon.
Sask.	Kathleen Dewar, Wilcox.
Que.	Joyce Hill, Aylmer.
B.C.	Ruth W. Nesbitt, Summerland.
Ont.	Bruce Vance, Chesley.

Honorable Mention—

Alta.	Irene Reid, Edmonton.
B.C.	Audrey Holm, West Summerland.
Man.	Jean Pottage, Winnipeg.
N.B.	Heber Schofield, Wood I.
N.S.	Frances Macaulay, Sydney.
Ont.	Donald Hayden, Blenheim.
P.E.I.	David Scales, Freetown.
Que.	Donald Fuller, Cushing.
Sask.	John D. M. Graham, Regina.

The Editors Congratulate all who studied this Course

First the Man takes a Drink; then the Drink takes a Drink; then the Drink takes the Man. — JAPANESE PROVERB.

"YE SHALL RECEIVE"

(Continued from Page 7.)

"YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER"

THE promise of the Father. — The Baptism of the Holy Spirit. This verse is practically the same as St. Luke 24:49. Again we see that Luke is retelling the story with more detail.

John baptized "to repentance," the Baptism of the Spirit would give life and power.

When they were come together.—In Jerusalem according to His appointment.

Dost thou . . . restore.—They had not yet grown out of their old idea of an actual Messianic kingdom. Being back in Jerusalem would excite their expectations all the more. Surely, they thought, now at last their Messiah, restored from the grave, would set up his standard.

Perhaps they were disappointed because it didn't come about as they expected. But how much greater and grander was the work that their Lord gave them. God never disappoints us, but to give us something greater than we expected.

It is not for you to know.—See St. Mark 13:32. We would not do our work as well if the future lay open to us.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

This is faith.

His own "power".—"Fixed by His own authority." (Moffatt)

Ye shall receive "power".—This is a different word. We looked at it last week, "dunamis." It is the word from which we get our words "dynamo" and "dynamite". We find it in Matt. 6:13; 22:29; 24:29, 30; 26:64; St. Luke 4:14; 5:17; 9:1 and many other places. It is more important that we should receive "power" from God than that we should

(Please turn to Page 12.)

"The Lord's Day"

By MARY WATSON FISH

For the Messenger.

IT WAS Sunday morning and Jane was busy in her immaculate little kitchen preparing breakfast for herself and Jack. A little puzzled frown, almost of discontent, kept making its appearance upon her expressive little face. Would Jack never make his appearance? It seemed that ever since they had been married Jack was slowly developing the 'sleeping in' habit. Jane had suggested a few times that she go to Sunday School without him but he raised such objections that she gave up the idea of going alone.

Sundays were such fun. Just she and Jack taking all the time they desired for breakfast and for anything else they planned to do that it was hard for Jane to become any too enthusiastic over breaking the pleasant schedule that they had established. However, of late her conscience had been troubling her not a little and she was wondering if something ought not to be done about the matter.

"Ooeeum," yawned Jack sleepily, coming into the kitchen and giving Jane the kind of smile that made scolding him a very difficult matter indeed.

* * *

"UP early, for a change?" asked Jane sweetly.

"Why, so I am," acknowledged Jack in surprise, glancing at the blue clock above the range. "Now, how in the world did that happen?"

"Accidents will, you know," returned Jane without enthusiasm.

"It doesn't really matter, on Sunday, does it, Jane?" asked Jack coaxingly. "That old Despot, the Alarm Clock, rules me so much of the times that it is a joy to boss myself one day in the week."

"Yes, I know, Jack, but—but—"

"But what, dear? I know there's something. I've learned to read the signs."

"Only that this is the Lord's Day," returned Jane disconsolately. "Not yours."

"Well, not wholly, probably. But the Sabbath was made for man, you know. The Lord Himself said so. It does look as if I could do as I please on this one day, at least."

"Yes, one can. Paul says all things are lawful for me but all things are not expedient. All things are lawful but all things edify not. As Christians we should seek for the best, shouldn't we, Jack?"

"If anything could be better than this," began Jack happily, looking at the steaming cups of coffee, Jane's delicious muffins, the cozy kitchen and Jane's pink cheeks as she sat across from him at the table, "I should like to find it."

"You're a dear, Jack, but you just must listen to me this morning. I really can't stand it any longer." Two tears almost burst through Jane's long lashes as she gazed at Jack's happy face.

* * *

"OF course, dear. What is the matter? I'll listen to anything that will help you to smile again. Is it as bad as all that?" he questioned softly, watching the two tears make their way down the pink cheeks.

"I'm afraid it is," smiled Jane ruefully. "It's about using the Lord's Day for ourselves exclusively."

"Well, shouldn't we? We can worship God without going to church."

"I have been expecting to talk to you about this for a long time, Jack. So I have quite a number of Scripture passages marked in my Bible regarding God's viewpoint on this matter. Mind if I get my Bible and read them to you? I could never remember them all."

"Of course I don't mind. That just proves my point. Why go to church when we can have our own sermon at home?" laughed Jack indulgently. "A good one, I imagine, also," he added.

"In Isaiah 58:13, 14," began Jane, returning, "God says, 'If thou turn thy feet from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and shall call the Sabbath a delight, the Holy of the Lord, honorable: and shall honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"That doesn't give me much ground to seek my own good times and pleasures on the Lord's Day, does it?" asked Jack slowly.

"The reward is worth the sacrifice, if there be any sacrifice," commented Jane. "This says we shall find delight in the Lord if we obey Him in this. That in itself is something. How many Christians do you know who really show any actual joy in their faces or lives; who really delight in the Lord? Prosperity is promised, also, or so I take it. At least we will be taken care of financially and materially."

"Once upon a time we did attend Sunday School, church, young people's meetings, even the weekly prayer meeting," admitted Jack thoughtfully. "But of course I can see you now without going and—"

* * *

"JACK DARVELLE, I'm ashamed of you. You didn't really go just to see me, did you Jack? That is not the right motive at all. No wonder you ceased going as soon as we were married. We should serve the Lord because of love and a desire to be faithful to His commands."

"Well, I didn't go just to see you but you will admit that such made it more interesting," contended Jack with a teasing grin. "However, bring on some more data. As much as I dislike to move from this comfortable chair I'm yet ready to be convinced, if possible."

"What shall we do with this?" questioned Jane concernedly. "'Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is, but but exhorting one another—' found in Hebrews 10:25. Also, this in Psalm 96:8, 'Give unto the Lord the glory due His name: bring an offering and come into His courts.' "And this, 'Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise: be thankful and bless His name.' There!" laughed Jane, "Isn't that enough to convince you?"

"And how!" admitted Jack frankly. "It's just that we are out of the habit of going, I guess."

"Couldn't we get into the habit again?" asked Jane smiling almost timidly into Jack's eyes.

"Why, yes, I guess we could," admitted Jack a little grudgingly. "But not until I've finished eating my breakfast."

"Finished!" ejaculated Jane scornfully. "That's your fifth muffin already. It's time you used some strenuous self-control right now."

"All right. I'm still hungry but I'll starve and go anyway."

* * *

SOON Jane and Jack were on their to attend their first worship service for many weeks. And, somehow, both hearts were lifted and happy because of their decision to meet with others for thanksgiving and worship and praise.

Later, at dinner, Jack's face wore a thoughtful expression as he and Jane talked over the morning's activities. Finally, breaking a silence of some

(Please turn to Page 11.)

The Chums Mail Bag

DEAR CHUMS,—

There should be no lack of letters for this page since we have so many interesting things to write about. I'm sure you have'nt forgotten the suggestion of a few weeks ago to write up your "Best Memory" of this past winter, party, hike, toboggan slide, skiing adventure, birthday,St. Patrick's or Valentine celebration—whenever you had your best time this winter that's the one to describe. Then another idea came with a letter this week. Some people have a knack for remembering and telling stories well. It may be more than you can do to make up a story and write it for the Mail Bag. But you can practice writing by remembering and re-telling good stories that you hear. Your minister will nearly always give one or two good stories in the course of his sermon. One of those will appeal to you and will be the thing you'll remember. Tell that story in your next letter to the Mail Bag. Try to recall and put in the little details that make the story interesting. And most of all be sure you get the meaning clear.

It need not be a very long story but it should be interesting and it should hold some meaning. Give the minister's name and the name of the church also when telling the story.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

Dear Aunt Ruth:—I heard a story about Tom from our minister last Sunlay. Our minister's name is Mr. Colin Rudd, and this is the story he told us:—

Tommy was such a quarrelsome, greedy, ugly tempered boy that no one wanted to play with him. He lived in a big house and had a large garden and playground all his own and had all kinds of things to play with but no one played with him because he always wanted his own way.

Well, one day Tom walked to the back of his big garden and heard, over the wall, the happy voices of other boys and girls and wished he could go and play with them but the wall was too high for him to get over. Walking along it, he noticed, hidden by a bush, a little door he had never seen before.

And strange to say this door had three locks on it, and queerer still, each of the locks had a letter on it. The upper lock had the letter F, the middle lock had the letter G, and the lower one had the letter H on it.

And Tommy, wondering about those letters and where he could find the keys to those locks, strolled off to the front of the garden.

There he saw a very poor boy looking through the great gate and wishing he could ever play in a garden like that. And when Tommy saw him he thought.

What's that boy doing looking into my garden. I'll tell him to go away. Then another thought came to Tom. Probably he has no garden to play in. So Tommy went up to the boy and said

"Say, what's your name?

"Billy"

"Well, Billy would you like to come in and play with me?" And just then he heard a little tinkle on the gravel walk behind him and, turning, saw a little key. And what do you think was stamped on it? A letter. What letter? F. Why F. Well F. stands for Friendliness. So he put that key safely in his pocket.

Then his mother called him, "Tommy come in. I want you to tack down the stair carpet."

"Oh, not now mother, I'm playing with Billy". But as his mother called again he knew he would have to go and said to Billy, "You can have my bat and ball if you like." He knew that Billy had no games.

Just then he heard another tinkle behind him, and looking on the ground saw another key, and it had the letter G for Generous.

Picking it up, he went in to tack down the carpet;—and what do you think happened? When he had finished he heard another tinkle on the ground behind him, and he saw another key and it bore what letter? H. That's right, and it stood for Helpfulness. So with these three keys he went to the little door at the back of the garden. And Tommy — the friendly, generous, helpful Tommy— opened the door and all the children wanted him to play with them. And Tommy became the happiest, nicest boy of all.

Don't you think, Chums, it's a nice story?—Ted.

Ans.—Thank you Ted. It is a nice story. Let other chums tell us stories that their minister tells them. That will make the page very interesting. Which of the chums will tell the next story? I understand the chum that wrote this story happens to be too old to get a prize but we are very glad he wrote it anyway. We hope more people will try. Anyone of fifteen or **under** can win a prize for a good story.

A Stream of Stories

NOT every minister finds time for a childrens' story before the sermon. In the case of many churches the children live too far away to get to the regular church services. That is all the more reason to repeat such stories or talks in the Messenger for children who never hear them.

And so that there may be a lively and continuous run of good "Sermonettes" it is important that they be sent to us by those who hear them. We hope they will come from every province. Be sure to give the name of minister and church and its address as well as your own when sending in such stories. Every story accepted will win a N.M. push pencil. The best in each succesion of five will win a Blue Pin—awarded for consistently good letter-writing.—Ed.

This Week's Star Correspondent

TED ——

Last Week's Star Correspondent

JOYCE MACPHAIL

"COSMOPOLITAN DOG"

(Continued from Page 2.)

stood there. It was going to be great to be able to pick up a paper and not shiver for fear someone was running an ad that would mean you had to give up your dog!

"What kind of dog did the veterinarian say he was?" one of Ted's friends asked.

Ted hesitated. He couldn't let his friend down. "What kind of a dog?" he said, rather belligerently, "Well, he said he was a fine dog,—a cosmopolitan dog."

"A Cosmopolitan dog!" his friend said, awed. "Say, you were lucky finding him!"

"I'll say!" Ted said. He patted the dog's head. "I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for that dog!" he said, and ant it.

THE LORD'S DAY

(Continued from Page 9.)

moments, he said almost timidly, "I know about what you will think after all I said this morning, Jane, but what would you think if I told you I was thinking of accepting a position as teacher of a group of unruly junior boys? Would you agree to that?"

Gales of laughter came from Jane's parted lips.

"And what," she asked, laughter shining from her blue eyes, "would you think if I should tell you that I am almost considering becoming the teacher of another group of intermediate girls? I was asked this morning."

"So was I," laughed Jack. "It seems that they remember the old days when both you and I did those things. It really is pretty sporting of them to take us back so whole-heartedly, isn't it? Or else there is a great dearth of teachers," he added as an afterthought.

"Probably both," smiled Jane. "Anyway, I'm glad. I shall enjoy studying with you and sharing the same interests and helping those girls."

"Another thing, Jane," remarked Jack a little later. "Since we seem to be starting out new today what do you think of forming one more habit, that of saying grace before meals. We were brought up that way and somehow it seems piggish to begin eating without it. Seems to me we have quite a bit to be thankful for, when we stop to think."

"Yes, Jack, and it's time we did think," answered Jane softly. "We might take turns," she suggested smilingly.

* * *

"AND—er—Jane, one thing more," began Jack hesitantly. "I did an enormous amount of thinking this morning and—"

"So I've noticed," interrupted Jane impishly.

"Well, I did and I'm ashamed of myself that I didn't do it earlier. Since we really want to begin our married life in as Christian a manner as possible, what's to hinder starting a family altar as well?"

"Oh, Jack, will you?" cried Jane happily. "I've been wanting to talk to you about that, also, for a long time, but we were so happy just as we were that—that—."

"I know, Jane. But I honestly believe that one of the best methods of keeping two people together and interested in the same things and in each other, also, is to establish the habit of praying together, We could pray for those classes we plan to teach, for each other, my work and yours, and—and—oh, just innumerable things."

"Such as missionaries and friends in trouble," added Jan. "Why, Jack, there is no end to the things we could pray about if we really mean to do this rightly."

"And we mean to do it rightly," smiled Jack into Jane's happy eyes.

Afloat in NOAH'S ARK - Chapter III

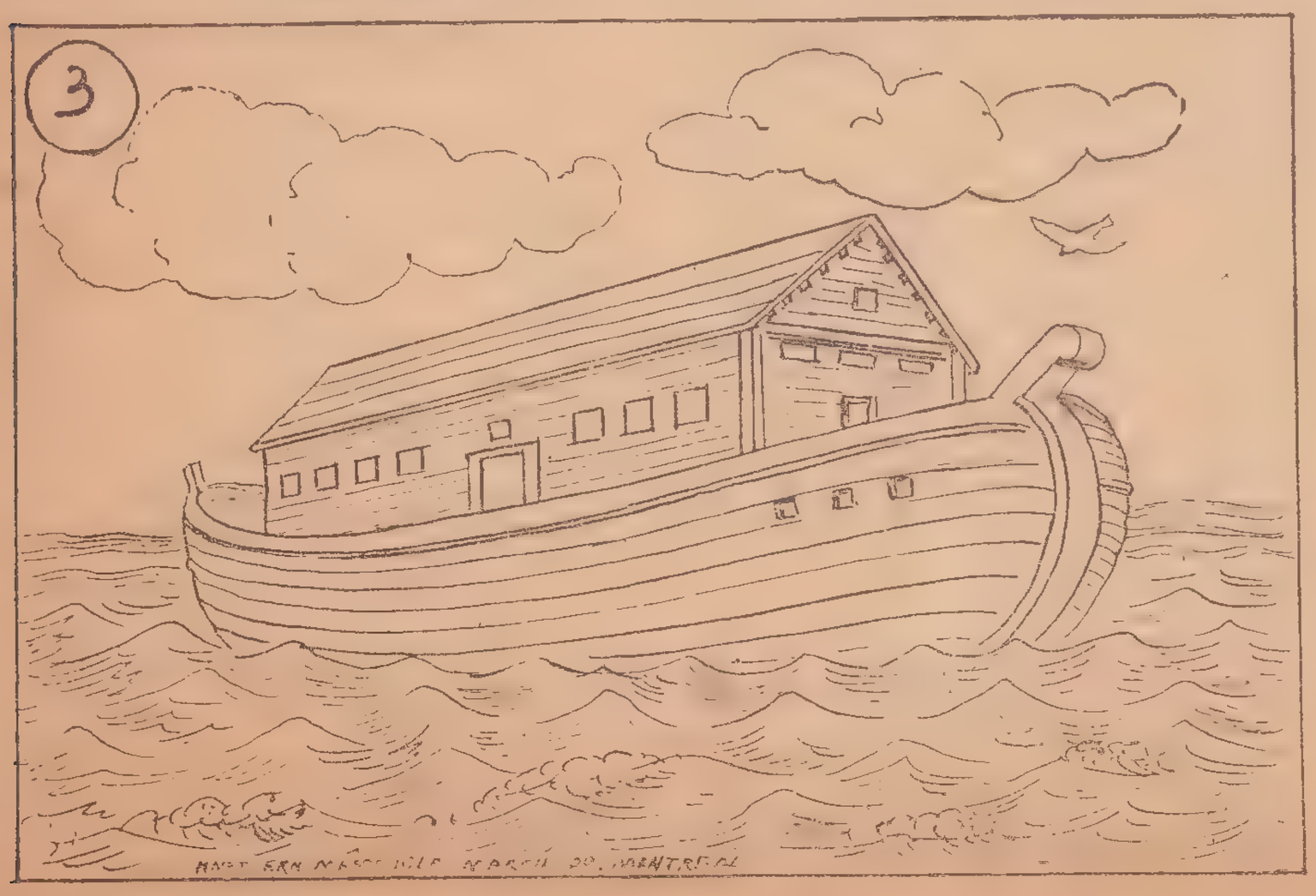
Last week you remember we pictured and you colored the animals going into the Ark—just before the great flood began. And the bad people, who didn't believe in God, made fun of Noah and his family and their menagerie.

Then it rained harder and longer than it had ever rained before or since. The valleys filled up and the frightened people ran to the hills and climbed the trees. But the water rose above everything and the bad people were all drowned.

Don't you think Noah and his family were thankful that God had shown them how to escape death by the flood?

And the Ark floated safely for many long months till one day it touched the top of a mountain and stayed there. Then Noah opened a window, let out a raven (large crow) and a dove (small pigeon) to see if they could find land anywhere. The dove came back that time. But a week later it brought back an olive leaf. Then Noah thanked God because he knew the water was going away and that he would soon be able to leave the Ark with his family and the animals. But the end of this wonderful story will have to wait till next week's Messenger.

Now get out your colors and see how pretty you can make the picture—a white dove and white clouds against a blue sky; and the Ark, what colors would you paint it and the waves? Then put this picture with the two others and with next week's picture you will have the whole story of Noah's Ark colored by your own hand, a story you will never forget; and that will mean more and more to you as you grow older. The *Northern Messenger* has prepared a series of these illustrated Bible stories for you to color, and show your teacher, pin up or send to friends at a distance.



Not Good For Them

Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, late President of the Royal Society, and of the British Association, exposed the claims made for alcohol as a food. "An ounce of bread was equivalent, if not superior, to all the so-called food in a pint of beer costing fivepence." Sir Frederick denounced the attempt of the Trade in its advertisements "to provide a sop to the conscience of the working man who was spending too much of his income on intoxicants by suggesting that he was consuming something which was good for him."

"GET THEM IN ON IT"

DO you not know other children who would enjoy coloring these drawings each week and who would like to get the Messenger regularly. Our subscription rates on Page 12 will tell you how to "get them in on it." If it is a Sunday School or class not now getting the Messenger they can have it for the first 3 months' trial at 9c. per scholar.

Important.—This offer is good also in the case of Sunday Schools which distribute the paper to the older Scholars but have not been giving it to the younger Scholars and their families.

We have planned to carry a 4-instalment story each month.

The Fate of the Chocolate Soldier

MONTGOMERY MULFORD

ONE night in the candy store the chocolate soldier standing in the case stretched his arms tnd held high his little chocolate gun. "I believe I shall go adventuring," he said.

"Please don't," spoke up a chocolate lady. "It is dangerous and besides it's against the rules."

"Puff! Puff!" shouted the chocolate soldier. "Am I not a soldier? I shall go!" So saying he started to walk right out of the case, and upon the counter.

It was pitch dark and he could not see a chocolate drop ahead of him; and that is why he came to the edge of the counter and slipped. He fell to the floor with a thud! And his little cnocolate gun was broken all to pieces.

"I am brave anyway," he said, picking himself up. "I will go on without a gun!" And on he went walking across the floor until he came to the corner of a carpet. He did not see the carpet, which is the reason that he tripped and sprawled, and broke off his chocolate hat.

"I do not need a hat," he said, as he went on again. When he had nearly crossed the room a little mouse crept out and sniffed, smelling the chocolate, and thought it would be fine to have some sweets for dinner.

The chocolate soldier did not see the mouse, and suddenly the little animal snatched up the run-away, and hurried down his hole with him. And as far as I know, no one ever again saw the chocolate soldier, who had disobeyed, and in running away from his home in the case, deserted his post and got into more trouble than he bargained for.

"YE SHALL RECEIVE"

(Continued from Page 9.)

know the hidden things of His "authority."

Ye shall be my witnesses.—"The primary function of the apostles as set forth in Acts." (Bartlet) It is the function of all Christians "not only with our lips but in our lives."

In Jerusalem . . . and unto the uttermost part of the earth.—"The scope and ground-plan of our book. It is to trace, as a work of Divine power . . . the extension of Messiah's salvation through ever-extending circles of mankind." (Bartlet) (Isa. 49:6; Acts 13:47)

"THIS SAME JESUS"

THIS witness-bearing is still going on wherever there are Christians. The word is to us "Ye shall be My witnesses."

"He was lifted up while they looked on, and a cloud took him out of sight." (Moffatt)

"The visible and corporal Ascension does not necessarily imply that heaven is a place situated above the clouds. The object of the Ascension was not to indicate where or what heaven is, but to assure the Apostles by an unmistakable sign that Jesus had entered it." (Dummelow)

God makes His revelations to people in ways that they understand. The way I think of the Ascension is of our Lord lifted up a little from the earth and then a bright cloud sweeping over the hillside and hiding Him from view. He had entered "within the veil." Though He had gone from their sight He was still with them. St. Paul speaks of Christians in this life as "raised and made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." (Eph. 2:6)

Looking steadfastly.—"The word here used denotes a fixed or earnest gaze." (Bartlet)

Two men . . . in white apparel.—Angels. Luke often speaks of God's heavenly messengers.

Ye men of Galilee. — "A vivid and true touch, reflecting the fact that Christ's earlier followers . . . were Galileans in origin and training." (Bartlet)

Why stand.—"It is fruitless to gaze. Go rather and labor that . . . He may approve of your work." (Dummelow)

In like manner.—"This same Jesus" in His human nature. This is the grand thing He is "the same yesterday and today and even for ever.

With this glad assurance they returned to Jerusalem, to their friends in "the upper room."

QUESTIONS

1. What "former treatise" does St. Luke refer to?
2. Who was Theophilus?
3. What does his name mean?
4. During how many days did our Lord appear to His disciples between His Resurrection and His Ascension?
5. Of what did He speak to His disciples?
6. What does the Kingdom of God mean?
7. What did the disciples ask our Lord?
8. What did He answer?
9. What occurred as they were speaking?
10. What did the two angels tell them?

(For Answers please see P. 16.)

But there's a beauty that will last
Long after youthful charms have passed;
And sometimes in life's evening hours
The Lord can grow His loveliest flowers.—Sel.

Northern Messenger

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A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

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Contributors of poems, stories, etc., who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. We cannot pay for Poems.

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If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested;* though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

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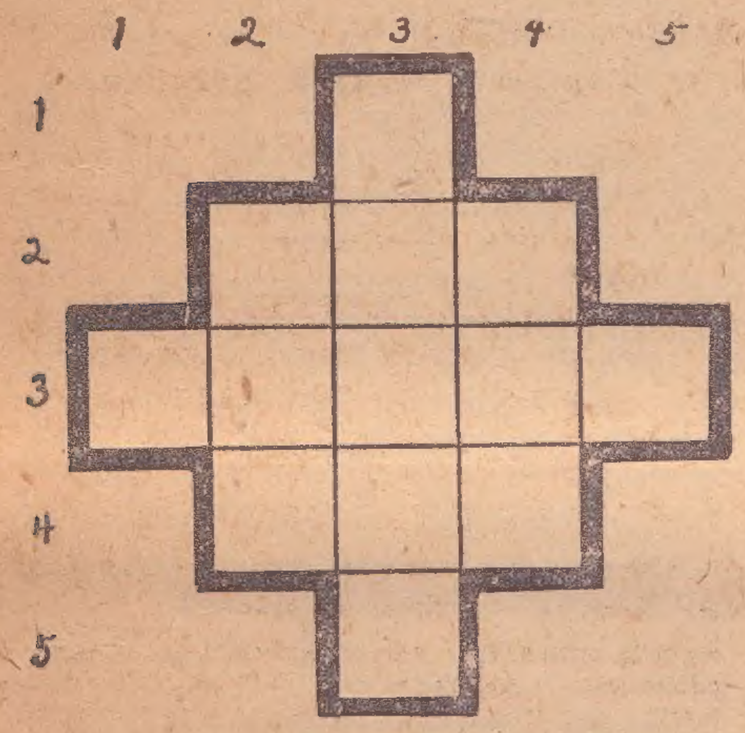
These are different from the ordinary run of Crosswords and Anagrams. Watch for them weekly. Do them yourself and try them on your friends.

OUR BIBLE DIAMOND

The longest words are the names of the uncle of a patriarch and a son of the same patriarch.

Across—1. Last letter in name of place where Jacob slept. 2. Mournful. 3. An eldest son. 4. Foot of an animal. 5. First letter in name of an ancient land.

Down—1. First letter of word meaning "Go quickly." 2. To take supper. 3. Name of a Syrian. 4. Helps on the crops. 5. First letter of word meaning mid-day.



BIBLE ANAGRAM

One of the things St. Paul says about Charity (Love).

Y T I R A H C R E V E N H T

ELIAF

PUNNING RIDDLES

1. When are soldiers like good flannels?
2. When do ladies eat a musical instrument?
3. Why is a defeated army like wool?
4. Why is a violin like a bank of issue?
5. Why is a violin unlike a bank?
6. What is the difference between a mare and an egg?
7. What fish is most valued by a loving wife?

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

LAST WEEK'S BIBLE DIAMOND

Bible Diamond Puzzle—

S

L A D

P E T E R

D A N

N

Satan tempted Peter to deny his Lord while He was in the hands of His enemies. (St. Matt. 26:69-75; St. Mark 15:66-72; St. Luke 22:54-62; St. John 18:15-27)

Last Week's Bible Anagram—"Jesus' loves me."

The Nazi and the Jew.—The Jew remembered that any number treated in this way will reappear at the end of the process. Try it for yourself and see!—Christian Herald.

Gasps and Giggles

Small Boy: "Grannie what is a racketeer?"

Grannie (pausing): "I suppose one of these tennis professionals."

The newly appointed general manager of a group of big hotels was on his first inspection tour. In the scullery of one of the hotels he noticed a particularly gloomy dish-washer.

"Never mind, my good man," he said, giving the fellow a friendly tap on the shoulder. "I started as a dish-washer, and now I'm general manager."

"And I started as general manager, and now I'm a dish-washer," was the reply.

Friend: "If you're going to be an author, you'll need a portable typewriter."

Youth: "I'd rather have the big standing size."

Friend: "Yes, of course, but you'll find a portable easier to carry to and from the pawnshop."

"Jones had a smash with his bicycle the other day and was knocked speechless."

"What about the cycle?"

"It was knocked spokeless."

BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 4.)

forget me now, God; please for Jesus' sake don't leave me now!"

"Oh, God, save Robert; don't take him, please don't take him." He was interrupted by a wave nearly tipping his dory downward, as he was in the bow and the balance was uneven since Robret had been swept overboard. More by instinct born in him than by thought Tom moved to the middle of the dory and sat down with a lurch, his waist deep in water. Just then Robert disappeared. "Oh, God, for Jesus sake send him a lifebelt."

He did not jump out after him. Tom knew the ways of the water only too well to know that if one could keep afloat in that sea he would do well, and he might help Robert more by being in the dory than if he were in the same plight himself. He did not even think, but he caught up the knife that was sticking in the gunwale near him, cut loose the keg and threw it towards the spot where Robert had reappeared. Robert stretched out his hand with the strength that only a drowning man seems to have and held it fast. He had found a life belt.

"Hold on for dear life, the boat is coming!" yelled Tom. At the same instant the fish that was tied to his dory started to swim again, towing him away from Robert. He could not cut the rope clear, as it was tied to the stern and he did not dare move for fear of sinking his dory.

"Send Robert a lifebelt.—Please, God, send Robert a lifebelt," Tom said over and over, so numbed and crazed with fear for Robert he did not think of himself. He could just see Robert's head sometimes when the big waves rose and fell. Sometimes Robert was on the top and Tom would look up at him; sometimes he looked down on him and seemed to be nearer; sometimes the waves were between them and he could not see him.

Ben Johnson's boat was coming fair for his dory. In a minute he would be safe; but could Robert hold on? If they only knew his plight so they could go to him first. A thought struck Tom; if God closed the lion's mouth and saved Daniel, he could close the sharks' mouths and save Robert. "Dear God," he started to pray,—and stared. Could he believe his own eyes? Jack Bates' prize boat shot over a wave and sighted Robert struggling in the water. Jack stopped his engine, pulled Robert in, more dead than alive. At the same time Ben's boat picked up Tom. He knew no more. Poor old Tom, strong and rugged though he was, the strain had been too much for him.

(To Be Continued.)

Let not the grass grow upon the path of friendship.—Indian.

While the Kettle Sings . . . Try Some of These

SHREDDED WHEAT PANCAKES

Mix two eggs well beaten, a pinch of salt, one cup of sweet milk, in a bowl. Dip six shredded wheat biscuits in this mixture; fry in hot fat until golden brown; serve with maple syrup.

MAPLE-NUT BISCUITS

For quick biscuits use the prepared biscuit mixture. If you like to mix your own, use two cups sifted cake flour, two teaspoons baking powder and one-half teaspoon salt. Cut in six tablespoons shortening and milk enough to make a soft dough that is easily handled. Roll the dough about one-half inch thick and spread with 1-4 cup softened softened butter. Sprinkle with one-third cup butter. Sprinkle with one-third cup shaved maple sugar and one-half cup chopped pecans or walnuts. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut in thick slices. Butter muffin tins and into each one put one-half teaspoon melted butter and two teaspoons shaved maple sugar. Set over low heat until the sugar is melted, then put two or three nut meats in each pan and put in the rolls cut side down. Bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes. Turn out while hot and serve upside down.

MAPLE BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

Combine one-fourth cup sugar, one-half cup cornstarch and one-half teaspoon salt. Add one cup maple syrup gradually, stirring until smooth. Add to one and one-half cups scalded milk in the top of a double boiler and cook until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Pour a small amount of the syrup mixture over the slightly beaten yolks of two eggs, return to the double boiler and cook three minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, add four tablespoons butter and one teaspoon vanilla. Cool. turn into a baked pie shell.

Peter you should see my sister hammer nails. She does it like lightning.

Donald: That's strange for a girl.

Peter: Not at all. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE MESSENGER

A wonderful little paper. Have been sick and hope to live to read it some time longer. I enclose $1.30 to renew my subscription for a year.—Mrs. J. W. C., Worcester, Mass.

CONSTRUCTIVE PLAY

LYDIA LION ROBERTS

"I HOPE you don't mind that noise," said Mrs. Smith to her friend. "It's only Bobby playing in the kitchen with a hammer. He didn't know what to do, so I let him take the hammer and break up an old box."

"Perhaps he will make a neat little woodpile for you," suggested the visitor.

"Oh, he just likes the fun of smashing the box," answered his mother. "I think it is better for him to do that than to destroy useful things, and children do like to play with a hammer."

Mrs Smith had glimpsed only part of a great truth. Although she was giving Bobby the opportunity to work off his destructive energy harmlessly, she had not suggested a constructive activity as a substitute for the destructive idea. He needed to work off his energy happily and safely but also creatively.

It is wise not to let a child take something apart merely for the fun of destroying it. A toy, game, a household article or piece of machinery may be taken apart for investigation purposes, to find out "what makes the wheels go 'round", how the object is made, to repair it or make it more efficient, for this is using energy constructively—destroying only in order to rebuild.

Bobby might have taken the box apart for the use of the wood in games, or the wood might have been used to build a small boat, to make furniture for a doll house, or to make two smaller boxes, or even to provide firewood if Mother needed it. Any of these ideas would have substituted creating for aimless destroying and added zest and interest to the child's activity.

* * *

"COME down cellar and we'll have fun making things," said a little boy to his new playmate. "Dad saves all the things that are 'no good' and we all try to make them over into something new. Dad is helping us make toys from old wire and tin and the wheels from a broken engine. We are going to paint them, and some of them we shall send away to children who don't have many playthings."

Using energy constructively sets in motion the right impulses and gives vent and expression to the forceful emotions of childhood. Making something from practically nothing, changing a worthless article into useful equipment, working towards a definite plan on an interesting project, using ingenuity to perfect some original achievement, are all advance steps in the development of thrift, joyous living and self-expression.

Little boys and girls like to cut and tear, bang and pound, hammer and carve, and this impulse is natural and normal, but instead of letting it loose, unrestrained and unguided, the child should be encouraged to direct it to accomplish worth-while things and happy results.

There is a thrill about the act of destruction that children enjoy because it is dramatic, but it is a short-lived thrill and its influences and climaxes are of questionable value.

Far-seeing parents will help their boys and girls to know the greater, more lasting and satisfying thrill of construction, using energy to conserve and create, to vision and build.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

AS ONE FRIEND TO ANOTHER

Dear Sir:—Would you be so kind as to send a few sample copies of the Messenger to a young friend of mine. He is a teacher and for the past six months has been conducting a Sunday School in his school room every Friday from three to four p.m. He tells me the lesson helps in another paper do not give him enough explanation of the lesson and I am anxious to have him continue this work so feel the Northern Messenger page devoted to the International S. S. lesson has been of such invaluable help to me that it may also help him to more fully understand the lessons and their connections. His address is. . . .

Thanking you for your kindly interest and again voicing my appreciation of the "Messenger", I remain Yours sincerely;—H. Elizabeth Spiers.

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Northern Messenger

Getting a perspective on the rapid march of events.

ROOSEVELT'S FAITH VITALIZES HIS PEOPLE

IF all the bombs in Britain could have been dropped in one half-hour on Berlin, it would not have been so devastating to the Axis powers and program as was President Roosevelt's speech in mid-March to the White House Correspondents' Association at their annual banquet in Washington.

Yet he never once raised the pitch of his voice, never applied such oratorical tricks as dictators and politicians use. He spoke with the calmness and dignity and blunt earnestness that became such a momentous utterance. And that speech will spread itself in the future histories of the world and ring down the ages, the louder as men the more understand, love and practise lawful liberty. For on that speech will largely hinge the liberty of the future.

And the voice of Roosevelt that night was the true voice of the great American Republic with its 130,000,000 souls. It was the voice of Christian democracy. It thrilled the hard-pressed people of Britain and their allies. It as surely chilled the Axis dictators who so feared it that they dared not let their peoples read or hear it. Their controlled press and broadcasting systems merely referred to it in terms of contempt and misquoted parts of it.

But it is out of the fullness of the heart that the mouth speaketh. In the quiet depths of his own soul Mr. Roosevelt had faced the facts, the hard facts honestly, unselfishly, heroically, and had arrived at decisions and a course of action—all-out aid to Britain and other lands threatened by the dictators and, when their peoples were ready, to lands suffering from the blight of the dictators.

* * *

OTHERS in the quiet depths of their souls had faced the facts honestly, unselfishly, heroically. Yes, but few could know the facts as Mr. Roosevelt knew them, the tremendous issues at stake, the incalculable difficulties and cost. And no one else could voice as he did the enlightened conscience of adult America. And then there was his audience—the leading journalists of the nation and through them reaching in print scores of millions, but, through microphones, hundreds of millions in North and South America and beyond the sea and around the world who hung, almost breathlessly, on his every syllable. None but he could lead the world's forlorn hope at that critical moment. He was the Moses of his day, leading his people in high adventure to stem the encroaching slavery. In effect he said to the dictators: You must leave free peoples alone, and those you have ensnared you must let go. The American people are aroused and determined and will see this program through. Hitler has bidden the Germanic people to recognize him as their savior. He is reported to have used that very word. God has raised up Roosevelt in the United States, Churchill in Britain, Chiang Kai-Shek in China to prevent the enslavement of their people under any dictatorship. And God's will and way will at long last triumph.

THE WAY TO WIN

DID you ever bowl at ten-pins? A good bowl brings them all down because one pin falls against another. That has been Hitler's strategy. Every nation he overcame, mostly by treachery, made one or two others totter to their fall.

But there has been another force at work in the world. Every nation *helped* to withstand Hitler has *helped* one or more other nations to resist him.

A very marked example of that was the immediate stiffening of Yugoslavia and Turkey as soon as they heard Mr. Roosevelt's great speech promising material aid to Britain and her allies. For Britain, herself greatly strengthened with American munitions, sent greater help to Greece. And Greece's neighbors, Yugoslavia and Turkey, began to see that the Balkan states, standing together, with Britain's help and American munitions, could withstand Hitler even as plucky Greece had withstood Mussolini.

What a tremendous parable! Surely we should none of us miss the teaching of such a costly object lesson. And what should it teach us at this time when "we are all in the front line"?

Every bad thought and bad deed one does helps some other person to totter morally—perhaps to their fall. And every good thought and good deed one does *steadies* others.

The world is at war. The forces of evil are trying to overthrow and destroy the forces of righteousness. And every one of us is on one side or the other. Are we in thought and deed clean and straight? It comes from God and we are on His side. Have we a bad thought or a bad deed, the Devil inspires it and we are shoulder to shoulder with Hitler. Each of us is a part of the moral strength of our nation, our cause—or we contribute to its weakness. The army and navy and air force are not the only fighters in this war. This time we, you and I, *are* all in the front line. Let each add a skinful to the moral force for victory.

Take care of the morals and the munitions will take care of themselves.

THE FRONT LINE OF PRAYER

MEANTIME let us pray daily that great wisdom may be given to the responsible heads of the Anglo-Saxon and allied peoples. And that great loyalty and power will be given to those who are stemming the evil forces abroad in the world, especially remembering those who in the land, sea and air forces are enduring hardship and hazarding their lives for the sake of truth and liberty. And let us remember before God those who have to endure the terrors of bomb and blaze and the broken rest and the hardships of life under constant threat of attack. Let us remember in our prayers the separated families, and the services of mercy and spiritual helpfulness. And let us pray that we may live lives worthy of the sacrifice others are making on our behalf.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT AND FOOD FOR BODY

EUROPE'S non-Germanic people are likely to be hungry because Hitler has robbed them of their food, and of their farm labor and of their transport facilities. And though he may not steal the food sent to France from America, he may balance that by taking an equal amount of food that is produced in France to feed his soldiers in France.

With Britain's permission two shiploads of grain and other foods are being sent to France for distribution by the American Red Cross in France. The result of that experiment will determine whether or not future shipments may be sent without their equivalent being released to Germany.

Hitler boasts he has abundant supplies of food in Germany, but holds he is not responsible for feeding the nations that have surrendered to him.

They will doubtless hold him responsible. And if they get too hungry, they

will start something. That is why he leaves them some food.

But the people of Europe should know, should be told by broadcast and by showers of propaganda leaflets that as soon as Hitler and his gang are where they can do no more harm food and other necessaries will flood the country from the Western Hemisphere. There seems to be a growing conviction in the United States that such would be good tactics as well as good neighborliness.

BIG BEN'S BIRTHDAY

APRIL 10 will be Big Ben's eighty-third birthday. Speaking of the great bell (in Empire), Mr. A. A. Hughes, master of the London Bell Foundry which has been making bells ever since 1570, said: Big Ben weighs roughly thirteen and a half tons. If you were to come along to my foundry I could show you hanging on a wall the original moulding strickle which shaped the clay mould for Big Ben. On it is chalked his exact weight—30,339 lbs.—just about four times the weight of a full-grown elephant. The actual casting of Big Ben took just under half-an-hour. But, of course, there were months of preparation beforehand. No one could ever make Big Ben again. We could make a bell as big and of the same note—which is "E"—but we couldn't give him his individual quality of tone. You may like or dislike him, but you must admit that his note is unmistakable. He may not be an ideal bell, but you'd never guess that he was broken soon after he was set striking. It wasn't a severe fracture. We were able to mend it. The chief cause of the accident was the original clapper, which was made far too heavy, entirely against our wishes. Since we hung a lighter clapper there hasn't been any further trouble. Our Ben, of course was brought to Westminster by road. He was carried in state. He was put on a huge wagon drawn by sixteen horses. I've got a contemporary picture of him with a Union Jack flying from his crown, coming over Westminster Bridge surrounded by hundreds of cheering people. After that, unfortunately, there was an anticlimax. His waist was too wide for him to be hauled upright inside the tower. But as he wasn't as tall as he was wide, the problem was solved by hauling him up sideways".—The Listener.

"Popper!"

"Well, what is it, son?"

"Where do they keep the street cars at night, when it ain't running?"

"Oh, in a barn."

"In a barn like a horse? Why, what do they feed it on?"

"Oh, currents."

Temperance and Fitness

DR. R. Cove-Smith, a former England Rugby football captain and holder of 29 international caps, who spoke on temperance and fitness, said that if civilization were to progress it must be moulded to the needs of man in all his aspects, physical, mental and spiritual.

In speaking of National fitness they must not aim at raising a nation of big-limbed and muscle-bound supermen, but must realize that health was the most important factor.

Referring to advertisements for beer Dr. Cove-Smith said that all scientifically minded people knew the fallacy of those telling the public that beer was a food. One might as well say, "Saltpetre for preserving; sulphur for purifying the blood; and charcoal for digestion—therefore gunpowder is best."—"Yorkishire Post," 1939.

Through education the truth is now dawning on the population that we would be better off without the brewer and the distiller, and when that truth has sunk into the majority of the population, then, and not until then, those useless purveyors of untold misery will be brushed aside forever."—Brig-Gen.F. P. Crozier C.B., G.M.G.

India

The Army is almost dry. The British Army in India has almost given up drinking intoxicating liquor, declared Dr. Keith Bush, R.A.M.C., Lahore, at a meeting of the Commerce Club.

The proportion of soldiers in India who drank alcohol was only two or three percent., which was an amazing thing when it was remembered that the army in the past was noted for its beer-drinking habits, he added.

Answers to Young People's Bible Reading

1. The Gospel which we have recently been studying.
2. He was most likely a Roman holding a high position.
3. "Lover of God" or "Beloved of God."
4. Forty days.
5. "The things concerning the kingdom of God."
6. God reigning first in our hearts and then in the world.
7. "Dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?"
8. Acts 1:7, 8.
9. Acts 1:9.
10. Acts 1:11.

Teaming With Your Editors

Do you find in this issue anything helpful, stimulating, challenging? and pass it on to a friend. A one-cent stamp carries it anywhere. An envelope slit at both ends makes a convenient wrapper.

The Life Boys

Vancouver, B.C., Mar. 10, '41.

Dear Sirs,—I am enclosing a Money Order for Nine Dollars and Ten Cents ($9.10) covering renewal of 70 copies of "Northern Messenger" for the next three months from date of expiry.

We use these Messengrs for our Junior Boys' organization of our Sunday School, "The Life Boys." They are really interested in reading these papers from week to week and if they happen to be away and do not get their last paper, they soon let me know about it. Quite a number of the Boys have told me how their parents were interested in reading it as well and how it brought back memories to them of other days in Eastern Canada when they too read it as children, this same Northern Messenger.

Yours truly,

(Sgd.) A. MacGillivray.

Editor's Note.—It is a real joy and honor to be associated intimately with the First Team of the Life Boys of Vancouver.

The Northern Messenger Editorial Team would be greatly interested to know more about the organization, its purpose, program, and scope.

The more the editors know about their readers the better they can serve them.

The Right Hon. R. B. Bennett told the editor he had read the Messenger in his youth and had won a prize for getting subscribers for it. Later Archbishop de Pensier told me he had been brought up on the Messenger (or something to that effect), just to name two out of many very distinguished *products.*

The Editor is always delighted to send a sufficient number of samples for free distribution for two successive weeks to any Sunday School class or organization that wishes to try it out without cost or obligation.

"Three-quarters of the men in the Army today are TEETOTALERS."

Gen. Sir Cecil Romer,
Adjutant General, War Office,
(*Evening Post*)

PENMAN'S LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 30th day of April, 1941.

On the preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of May to Shareholders of record of the 21st day of April, 1941.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents, (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of May to Shareholders of record of the 5th day of May, 1941.

By order of the Board,

Montreal, March 17, 1941.

C. B. Robinson,
Secretary-Treasurer.